

## THE JOAN OF ARC OF THE CALUMET COUNTRY SIZES UP THE WAITRESSES' STRIKE

BY JANE WHITAKER

"Do people go in that restaurant and eat? Oh, that cannot be possible when they know these girls are picketing outside in a battle for their rights?"

I smiled as the question was asked by Annie Clemenc, the Joan of Arc of the Calumet country, the girl who has led so many parades of the striking copper miners and their wives, the girl who has been arrested so many times as she silently or verbally protested against the injustice of the conditions that surround the working class.

"They do patronize that restaurant, some people," I answered, "but I always try to excuse them by believing they are representatives of the Restaurant Keepers' Association and the Brewers' Association, who are backing Henrici's fight against labor. And even those people have a look of half shame and half bravado on their faces as they come out."

"But the girls inside!" The girls who have taken the places of these girls on strike." Annie's arm trembled under my fingers, and I knew she was thinking bitterly of the word she uses when she speaks of the miners who have taken the places of the strikers in Calumet.

"Aren't they ashamed to go on serving the people who patronize this restaurant when they know that outside these girls are fighting not only for themselves but for all working women?"

She did not wait for me to answer. "How I pity these girls," she murmured. "They go up and down so quietly with no protest. You can only tell the battle they are fighting by the flag that they carry. Six slim girls and almost an army of police. I could not obey as they obey. I would cry out, 'There is a strike here, don't you go in.'"

"When they have done that, they have been arrested and sometimes man-handled," I explained, gently.

"I know what that is," she answered, and her soft brown eyes grew hard with bitterness. I knew she was thinking of that parade not so many months ago when she led a band of strikers and their sympathizers. When one of the large American flags was cut to shreds by the militia and she snatched the other, and waved it aloft in her strong arms, as she cried:

"Come on. Follow me!"

And I knew she was thinking of the cowardly soldier who had, under a uniform that pledged him to serve his country and protect the rights of her

people, a heart filled with love of gold and hatred of the toilers—a soldier who struck at Annie with a saber and cut a gash across her wrist, from which the blood poured over her hand.

And I knew she was thinking of how she had held that flag until its red, white and blue clothed her like a gown, and had cried:

"Kill me, go on and kill me. I don't care what you do, but you got to kill me through the flag of my country. I respect my country's flag, if you do not."

But the cowardly soldier contented himself by striking at her, and several of the strikers dragged her away.

I knew she was thinking of all these things, as I pointed out to her Officer No. 813, the big, brawny man who had belittled himself and his manhood, according to the story told by Miss Meyers, by insulting defenseless girls.

And I pointed out to her Policewoman Mrs. Boyd, who was smiling and chatting with some men, but whose eyes glittered and whose jaw